

Iron County Register.

By ELLI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

MAN WITH THE HOI HOI HOI

I love the ringing music of a cheery, hearty laugh. For it rouses the lugs of worry as the breezes scatter chaff. And there's not a scene of gladness known to mortals here below But he made a little gladder by a merry ho! ho! ho!

For Merriment's a singer, and laughter is his song. And where the singer singeth the happy angels throng. For in all celestial anthems nothing sweeter is, I trow, Than the melody that jures us in a ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

You are feeling rather weary—'tis an oft-recorded takes of a cheery, hearty laugh. And you fancy Trouble's demons all are camping on your trail. Till you meet the man of laughter, with his cheery ho! ho! ho!

And, some say, as you listen, all the haunting demons go: Then you vow that this old planet is a place of joy and cheer. And there's pleasure in reflecting that you now are living here. And you wouldn't for a fortune lose your grip on things below. All because you hear the music of a ringing ho! ho! ho!

Two angels walk upon the earth, walk daily to and fro. The one is clad in robes of white, the one in garb of woe. The voice of one is laughter; the other's a sigh. Joy is the one, the other Woe; for souls of men they vie; And the one comes running, running, summoned by the witching spell. Of the rippling notes of laughter that the spirit's rapture tell; While the other straight is driven from the souls it haunts below. By the ringing and the singing of a ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

We all do love the music of a cheery, hearty laugh— To spirits bowed with trouble 't is a Heaven-given staff— But our burdens seem so heavy as we pass them in review. That we often let another do the laughing we should do; At any rate, it is so with me, for I'm of brittle clay, And haply it is so with you, although I do not say; And so perchance you'll join with me, this one bouquet to throw. To the man who brings us blessing with his ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in N. Y. Times.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

By Helen Howland.

SHE was 17 and he was 21 when they were married. It was purely a love-match. She proved to be affectionate and devoted. He was ambitious and energetic, and his efforts, supplemented by his wife's thrift and self-sacrifice, brought honors and success. They reared a fine family of six children, who married early and settled in adjacent communities, beginning life where their parents had left off.

She had lagged in intellectual growth because society per se is not stimulative of brain development, and public life offered no career to her as it had done to her husband. But with her family off her hands she had leisure to improve her mind. She joined a ladies' literary society, where ambitious papers were evolved from the inner unconsciousness of encyclopedias, and other learned tomes, and she had made an earnest endeavor to overtake her husband's superior attainments, though she had been born neither brilliant nor ambitious.

Then, after a wedded life of nearly 40 years, which she declared she would be willing to live over again, Mrs. Milligan died, and was buried in the finest lot in the new cemetery, which she had long regarded as an object of pride, along with her best china, her best clothes and her assured social position.

There was much sympathy for Mr. Milligan on the loss of his excellent wife, for, when it became vacant, it was seen how large was the space she had filled in the community, and even her husband had not known how she had knit herself into every crevice of his being.

When an elderly relative took up the burden of his housekeeping people averred that the 60-year-old William Milligan would never marry again.

He thought so himself as he sat by his lonely fire in the hall, and sincerely mourned the taking off of his lifelong companion. But Mr. Milligan was an eminently social man—a man whom women liked, and who liked the society of women. He took to dropping in on the neighbors for an evening's game of cards, and after a time he joined a progressive club, where he met many friends and acquaintances and soon regained his native genial bearing. He talked a great deal of his dead wife's virtues, which was regarded as an indication that he was looking out for her successor, but as he still made his Sunday pilgrimages to his wife's grave, his women friends winked behind his back and continued to condescend to his face.

He had made it his boast that he had not seen his chin in 30 years, but as his diminishing beard was growing gray he shaved it off, disclosing a firm, cleft chin that added to his beauty and the youthfulness of his appearance. His hair was also shorn to a fashionable length and delicately stained on the temples where time had left a frosty touch, and, with a cheerful smile, and a somewhat flamboyant necktie, he was fairly launched as an eligible man.

His women friends now felt justified in saying that Mr. Milligan was beginning to take notice, and one prophetic woman, bolder than the rest, announced the belief that the second Mrs. Milligan was in sight. But Mr. Milligan had given no cause for gossip by seeking a wife at home. He had known most of the women in his community since they were in long clothes, and he was too remote from that period himself to look at home for a wife under 50, and to the rejuvenated Mr. Milligan, 50 for a woman, now seemed very old. So, after

a year of widowhood, he sought the unfamiliar in his quest of a wife. One day, to the surprise of rumor, and rumor-bearing dames, he returned from a somewhat prolonged absence on a Saturday night, and appeared at church on Sunday morning with a young and very pretty bride.

Taken thus unawares, the women friends of the late Mrs. Milligan resented the act as an outrage on the manes of their valued friend, especially as the newcomer was said to be younger than the youngest daughter of her predecessor. But curiosity soon got the better of indignation, and all the friends of the deceased, in best bib and tucker, trooped to call on and criticize the new-made wife.

It was averred that if Mr. Milligan had not been handsome and rich, and a candidate for political honors, his girl-bride would not have looked at him, which was only to say that she had chosen him on his merits, and that his future was the only part of his career which she concerned herself with.

As acquaintance with the new Mrs. Milligan grew more intimate it was decided in social councils that she would do. Her toilettes were surprising revelations of cosmopolitan fashions. She was gay and good-natured, and seemed more than willing to add to the gaily of nations. She proved herself a good church-worker, too, and entered heartily into every scheme to promote the welfare and pleasure of the community in which she was to play her part. She spent her husband's money with a lavish hand, recalling the fact that the late Mrs. Milligan was a little "near." Moreover she won the hearts of the younger women by sharing with them all her newest fads in fashion, and when a bevy of young maidens from her native town trooped over and filled the lately opened mansion with laughter, song and merriment, the young men flocked to Mrs. Milligan's standard in a body, and, as in duty bound, their elders followed.

Mr. Milligan was a good deal bewildered by this sudden influx of youth and jollity. He had not counted on a resurrection of his dead youth when he allied his autumn days to those of budding spring. He had been so long the idol of his wife's worship, the one object of her unremitting attention, that he felt himself dethroned, and stood around a little awkwardly, throwing out tentative endeavors to catch on to the whirling spirit of gaiety that surrounded him. He somewhat resented the patronizing airs of the younger men, who reminded him of the decades he had passed, by offers of assistance which he deemed superfluous. He even put on his glasses with the feeling that he was flaunting a signal that Ecclesiastes had included in a record of old age. But he was a sensible man, who had, perhaps, done a foolish thing, and the comical habit being a complacent one, readily adjusts itself to the inevitable.

One rainy evening as Mr. Milligan was homeward bound after a busy day, feeling depressed and disappointed, for wheat had fallen a point or two, and rumors from his congress district discouraged his prospects for a nomination, he suddenly remembered, as he caught the glow of a caterer's window, that his wife had enjoined him to order some iced cream for the coming evening's entertainment. Some details accompanied the order which he ransacked his memory to recall, and falling in this he recollected that the late Mrs. Milligan had always preferred lemon and vanilla, so retracing his weary steps he left the familiar order and made his way homeward.

As he entered the brightly lighted hall the vision of a beautiful young woman in gray evening dress descended the stairway, and, at first, amid the ribbons and laces and flowers of her elaborate toilette, he did not recognize his young wife. But when he did, feeling that it was a fine thing to be the possessor of so charming a young creature, and thrilling at the sight, he forgot his weariness and discouragement and advanced towards her with outstretched arms.

"No, no," cried the vision in swift retreat, "don't touch me; you are dripping with rain and I cannot have my fresh laces and ribbons crushed. Hang up your wet things and go right in and dress. You haven't a moment to lose. Mary has laid out your dress suit. No, I didn't put in your shirt studs. What with planning and practising and dressing I've had too much on my mind."

She vanished through the door of the dining room across the hall, and, with her girlish voice in his ears, giving orders for the arrangement of the table, Mr. Milligan entered the library at the opposite side and passed into his bed-room beyond—where he was old-fashioned enough to insist on sleeping down stairs.

The gas had not been lighted, but a coal fire in the grate made a pleasant glow in the room that painted the dusk and winked from the polished panels of the furniture. The first impulse of the weary man was to sink into the armchair before the fire, but with his hand on the back he was suddenly arrested in his intention by the knowledge of a presence in the room, seated in a chair a little withdrawn from the reflection of the fire—a familiar figure, that he had seen seated there many times before.

The gown that outlined her matronly figure was of a fashion of the by-gone day. Her dark, plain bonnet had concealed her gray hair and nipped a face wan and pathetic. "How old!" he thought, as though his lost youth had overlapped the years and come upon something moss-grown and forgotten.

"It's only me, Will!" she had married him when he was a boy, and he had always been "Will" to her—breathed a voice whose plaintive rhythm brought back far off things and lays of long ago. "I was so homesick I just had to come back. It was such a bad night, so wild with rain, and I wondered if your slippers and dry socks were warming at the fire, and if the dressing gown I made for you Christmas was ready for you on the back of the chair, and the five drops of camphor, too, that I always had ready to drive out the cold. I've been so burdened for fear you were

not comfortable. I've cared for you so long, and made you comfortable my sole study, that I was afraid you'd miss me, and oh, how I have missed you! I was so contented here, I thought things must go on forever as they were, and I've wondered and wondered why it had to be, and why it couldn't have been different. I've had nothing to do but just lie and think ever since I went away."

(Yet, my God, in that narrow box, shut out from sight and sound and motion, with a mound of earth upon her breast, what was there left her but to think!)

"You don't look well, husband."

He started guiltily at the word as though a liberty had been taken. "It hasn't been so long, but you look older and sadder. I would have stayed if I could, but it was so sudden, I had no time to get ready. I wasn't asked; I just had to go."

A shrill impatient voice from the dining room called across the hall: "Mr. Milligan, whatever were you thinking of to order lemon and vanilla, when I told you to get strawberry and pistache to match the decorations! It will have to go right back!"

(Yes, now he remembered, it was to have been strawberry and pistache.)

"And I thought of all our happy years and wished we could live them over again. It's hard to lie still when you've got so much on your mind."

(Yes, that was what the new wife had said. She had so much on her mind.)

"I seemed so necessary to you and the children, and there were many years of usefulness in me yet."

Standing rigid and immovable in the gathering gloom, he seemed but a shade himself. He listened to the plaintive, monotonous voice in a passion of expectancy. His young wife was just across the hall and might enter the room at any moment. What could he do? Turn this woman out into the night and storm—this woman who was the wife of his youth—the mother of his children, the helper of his fortunes, the slave of his very whims! The roof over his head was built with money she had inherited. The drip, drip of the black rain outside smote his heart like a scourge, and the pageant of his recent bridal seemed a fantastic pantomime. The Presence glanced around the room and plaintively resumed: "It looks very familiar here, though you've fixed it up some. There's my bed, and it was such a good bed. I had many pleasant dreams in it. And my sewing machine, and the clock that ticked the pleasant hours away! It's all more familiar than where I have gone. But I don't see my picture on the wall beside yours. Will, I know the old frame was getting shabby, and maybe you thought it needed a new one, but you always said it was such a good likeness."

"Yes, Mary, lay three forks, one for the oysters, one for the roast and one for the salad. You've made the old silver shine, Mary; it will answer very well till we get the new."

"Not being a woman, Will, you can not know how I prized my things. There's my china the children gave us on a marriage anniversary, and my silver wedding presents; they were so bright and pretty, and I showed such good will and friendship! And my nice clothes—I liked my clothes. I never had that fine cloth dress you bought me, and I wondered if it was put away in camphor—I was so particular about moths. Your wedding suit" (one lay on the bed)—"I took such care of it, it was almost like new, though you had outgrown it."

"Mary, just see, that stupid florist has left the wrong flowers—these white and purple things look for all the world like a funeral. Run quick and fetch him back... Now, that's much better. Put the reddest rose at Mr. Milligan's place, he likes bright things so."

"Where is Fido, Will? He used always to lie at my feet of evenings, and you were real jealous because he thought so much more of me than he did of you."

"He had followed her to her grave and refused to leave, and had died there of grief."

"And my pretty flower beds that I loved so to tend, are they blooming? I always liked growing things; sometimes now I think I feel the grass growing. But, oh, it is so still out there, and I have longed so to hear your voice and the voices of the children; and I have listened and listened in the long, narrow darkness, but even my own heart under my folded hands was still!"

The portieres between the hall and library swung back with a clash, and the radiant young wife, in all her glory of evening dress, flushed with haste and excitement, stood on the threshold. He turned with an impatient frown toward the unwelcome intruder and his mood seemed reflected in his wife's sharpened tones: "Mr. Milligan, I declare, you haven't begun to dress yet! What are you thinking of? It's as dark in here as a tomb! Why haven't you lit the gas? I believe, in my heart, you've been dreaming!"

Had he been dreaming? He took the lighted match from her fingers, holding it like an inverted torch—hesitated an instant, then turned an agonizing glance in the direction of the seated figure, but the chair was vacant.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

EARLY FLYING MACHINES.

Mentioned in Petitions of Inventors to the Seventeenth Congress in 1822.

"Some day in the very near future an American inventor will produce a perfect flying machine, and when that day comes all danger of war will pass, because every improvement in the line of defense tends to increase the power of arbitration, and no country would want to war against the country that owned a covey of armed flying machines," said an old employee of the patent office, reports the Washington Star. "Our government, I am sorry to say, has never done anything in the way of encouraging the ambition of flying machine inventors, and the records will bear me out in making this assertion. Among my papers I have the record of the first appeal to congress by an American who, in his petition to the congress, claimed to have solved the problem of aerial navigation. But congress turned a deaf ear to the petitioner."

"This happened during the first session of the Seventeenth congress. On Monday, March 25, 1822, Representative Milnor, of Pennsylvania, presented to the house the following petition, which was read for information: 'James Bennett, a mathematician of the city of Philadelphia, to the honorable senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, most respectfully sheweth:

"That your petitioner, having invented a machine by which a man can fly through the air—can soar to any height—steer in any direction—can start from any place, and alight without risk of injury; and whereas a like machine has never been invented in any country or age of the world, so as to be applied to purposes of practical utility, and as it is more than probable that artificial flying would not, for a thousand years to come, be brought to the same degree of perfection had not your petitioner under Providence accomplished it, and as it must be evident to all that letters patent would be of little use to the inventor in consequence of various modifications or improvements which might be made, and which never would have been thought of had not the way first been opened by your petitioner: He therefore solicits a special act of the congress of the United States to secure to him and his heirs for the term of 40 years, or for such other term as in their wisdom may be deemed just, the right of steering flying machines through that portion of earth's atmosphere which presses on the United States, or so far as their jurisdiction may extend.

"By granting your petitioner's request the honor of the invention shall be conferred on the United States.

"J. BENNETT, A. and M.

"Philadelphia, February 13, 1822."

"After the petition had been read Mr. Milnor moved to refer it to the committee on judiciary, but this motion was opposed by Mr. Sargent on the ground that his committee did not undertake to soar into regions so high; that the duties of the judiciary committee were nearer the earth. Mr. Walworth thought the petition should be referred to the committee on roads and canals. But the house refused to do this. The petition was finally laid on the table.

"About a week later, to be accurate, the first of April, Representative Keyes presented a petition from David B. Lee, of Philadelphia, in which the petitioner claimed to be the original inventor of the flying machine mentioned in a petition from James Bennett. Lee in his petition prayed that no right or privilege be granted to said Bennett on account of said invention, but that congress grant him (Lee) exclusive right and privilege of navigating the atmosphere either with flying machines or with navigable balloons throughout the United States."

"The two petitions were referred to a special committee, but there is no record that the committee ever made a report on the merits of flying machines. If congress had taken the matter up at that time there is no telling but that we would have by this time been flying through the air instead of making speed with automobiles."

PRISON FOR CONSCIENCE.

German Army Deserter Gains Wealth Abroad, But Returns and Surrenders.

A curious story of a repentant deserter comes from Munich, where a young man, dressed in the very height of fashion, appeared the other day and confessed to the military authorities that he had deserted from his regiment five years ago. He asked to be punished for his offense, and to be allowed to serve his time, so that he could face the world with a clear conscience, says a recent Berlin report.

It appears that the deserter, who comes of a good family, ran away after committing some trifling offense against military discipline, and lived a life of adventure in various countries of Europe and Africa. He served in the French foreign legion in Algeria, and fought on the side of the Macedonian insurgents against the Turks. He went to sea as a common sailor, and afterward became manager of a tourists' bureau at Nice. Finally he settled in Paris and made money by successful speculations, so that he was soon a rich man.

In Paris he fell in love with a wealthy French widow, who was willing to become his wife. His past, however, weighed heavily on his conscience, and he resolved to expiate his offense before leading her to the altar, hence his return to Munich and his confession to the military authorities there. The court-martial which tried his case sentenced him to one year's imprisonment for desertion, and at the expiration of the term he will have to serve his obligatory three years in the army. His lady love in Paris will thus have to wait for years before she can become his bride.

Something Unusual.

Mrs. Jaggsby—I was very much surprised at the condition in which you came home last night.

Jaggsby—There you go again. I'd be willing to swear that I came home perfectly sober.

"So you did; that's what surprised me."—Illustrated Bits.

BELLES OF THE PHILIPPINES.

They Are by No Means Unattractive Although a Little Dark of Hue.

The Philippine belle, when arrayed in her best, is by no means unattractive, even to an American with inborn prejudice against the dark-skinned races of the earth. She knows how to dress effectively, and, while concealing, half displaying her charms. The most important part of her costume is the media, or long stocking, usually of silk and often beautifully embroidered about the foot and ankle, the embroidery being plainly seen because of the low-topped, heelless chinelas, or slippers, usually worn, which are also often beautifully embroidered on the top. Then comes the vestida, the long train dress, fastened by a band at the waist and usually allowed to trail at the left side. When caught up out of the way it is passed across the front of the body and fastened to the belt on the right side. This vestida is made of silk, satin or velvet, very rich, and as the Spanish taste for red, yellow and black is shared by the Filipino, the floor of a ballroom while a baile is in progress is more or less of a poem in those colors, with occasional hints of blue and green, says a writer in the Housekeeper. Usually these ball and dinner vestidas are elegantly and expensively hand embroidered in silk, as much as \$500 to \$1,000 being often the cost of a single dress skirt.

The next garment is the camiseta, which performs the function of the American shirt waist. It surrounds the underclothing that enfolds the upper portion of the body, having a low neck, but not cut decollete—no Filipino woman would wear a decollete dress—and has very wide, short sleeves. It is made of the beautiful thin pina cloth, manufactured from the fiber of the pineapple leaf and is practically transparent. The cloth is sufficiently stiff to cause the large sleeves to stand out from the arms and shoulders and not cling to them as silk and cotton goods will do, and is, therefore, much more suited to the warm climate of the Philippines. This camiseta is also usually embroidered expensively, sometimes in white and sometimes in delicate tints.

The collar, or collar, is also made of the thin, stiff and expensively embroidered pina cloth. It is about the size of the small opera shawl worn in this country and is folded and worn about the shoulders and neck much in the same way, the ends being crossed over the bust and fastened there with a clasp of diamonds.

The hair is carefully arranged, usually in the Spanish style, now so popular with our own young ladies, and all the diamonds there is room for or wealth permits are used as ornaments.

MANILA SETTLEMENT HOUSE.

One Already Established There—An Appeal for the Aid of American Women.

A settlement house has already been established at Manila, and the women at the head of it have issued a strong appeal to the American women in the Philippines to lend their influence and personal endeavor to establish fraternal relations with the natives, and to aid in uplifting them from their state of indolence and ignorance, says the New York Post. The appeal reads in part:

"Our 'Settlement House' in Manila has been started not for purposes of proselytism, but that its workers, living among the natives, may exemplify the Christian life in its spirit of helpfulness. We shall try to get into close touch with the common people, learn their language, know their difficulties, see things as they see them. We shall have a well-equipped dispensary, with assistance of skilled physicians, native and American. A kindergarten is provided; other agencies of ministrations will doubtless be developed as time goes on. We particularly wish to have it understood that we are in need of any equipment which may be gathered here and any experiences we may acquire, we shall share with others.

"To sum up and apply—our circular is thus an appeal to American women: (1) To enter upon their residence in the Philippines, whether it is to be brief or protracted, under a sense of responsibility.

"(2) To beware of adopting a prejudiced or despising or despairing attitude toward the people of the land. Their blood, their temperament, all their antecedents, are different from ours. It will take a very long time at best before we can understand them.

"(3) That each American woman should make some definite and individual effort for the betterment, the well-being, of some Filipino neighbor; this in a persistent, intelligent way. We expect to be able to furnish from settlement house, upon application, such remedies and appliances as will be most frequently needed, and we invite the visits or correspondence of those who are interested.

"(4) To take advantage of any opportunity to train and teach the natives.

"(5) To consider whether some sort of association with our settlement work would not help them and us alike to a better fulfillment of our common responsibility."

English in the Philippines.

The following curio was received at Judge Johnson's court the other day. For those who possess the cryptogramic zeal to decipher the secret the story unfolded will doubtless prove interesting:

"Mr. Judge of First Instance, His Excellency, the Judge—We, all the neighborhood and other people of the town complain against Sergeant Cadzen.

"Judge, the madam in the house No. 43, has her Matrimony, and therefore has always the revolver in her hands when the Sergeant enters in her house No. 52, threatening to kill somebody—and all here in Sampaloc are complaining of what the Sergeant may do—as on the 28th—and also the 15. of the same month—a rumor has been heard, and you Judge as a good citizen of the United States of America, he does not deserve to hold his job in Sampaloc, but in some other place, because if he stays in Sampaloc, many poor people will leave."—Manila American.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



GEN. PEMBERTON'S HEADQUARTERS IN VICKSBURG.

The surrender of Vicksburg by Gen. Pemberton occurred on July 4, 1863. Negotiations looking to the surrender were begun by Gen. Pemberton on the day previous, but the final terms were not signed until the national independence day. After the surrender Gen. Grant entered the captured city and visited the house at which Gen. Pemberton had made his headquarters, where much of the detail work attending the parole of the captured garrison was attended to. Pemberton surrendered 27,000 men, and all of these were paroled by Gen. Grant rather than making of them prisoners of war. A number of them returned at once to their homes and never again entered the confederate ranks, though the majority returned to the southern fighting line as soon as they were exchanged.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Desiccated, shredded and sliced potatoes are staple foods in Germany.

There are now a number of boarding houses in Switzerland where board and lodging can be had for only 60 cents a day.

The British museum has an atlas seven feet high, of the fifteenth century. It is supposed to be the largest book in the world.

The amount of silver, nickel and copper coin in circulation in Germany amounts to nearly four dollars per head of the population.

England's trade with Persia fell from \$15,000,000 a year in 1889 to \$10,000,000 in 1901, while Russia's increased from \$10,000,000 to \$22,500,000.

The only British subject to hold the Swedish Order of the Seraphim is the marquis of Breadalbane. He gained it by saving a Swede from drowning.

The bishop of Fano, in north Italy, has ordained that all churches in his see shall be thoroughly scrubbed at frequent intervals, and the floors cleaned with antiseptic solution.

Portugal digs less coal than any other European country. Her total product of coal is only 22,000 tons a year. New South Wales digs yearly just twice as much coal as all Spain produces.

Notwithstanding a profit of 15,000,000 rubles last year, postal arrangements in Russia are said to be in deplorable condition. There are seldom enough clerks, the post offices are too small, and at Warsaw not long ago it was announced that the post office would receive no further packages for a week.

The St. Petersburg Messenger of Trade and Industry boasts that the characteristic feature of last year was the almost total suspension of the import of chemical products and the very perceptible decrease in their price due to the growth of competition and improvements in Russian manufacture.

OLD-TIME COLD SNAPS.

In 1688 London Experienced Weather So Frigid That Smoke Would Not Rise.

Those who think that blizzards and extreme winter weather are peculiar to modern times will be interested in the following extracts from Evelyn's Diary:

1683-84, 1st January. The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set upon the Thames; the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like.

16th January. The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the city.

24th. The frost continuing more and more severe . . . the trees not only splitting as if lightning struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish and birds, and all exotic plants and greens universally perishing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. . . . London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructing the breast, so that no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers and other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

Not Very Filling.

Mrs. Andrews was the most conscientious visitor of the district, but for various reasons she was not popular among the poor people whom she longed to help.

"I don't want to see that peaked-looking woman in my room again, nor I won't!" said the grandmother of the nine ragged Palmers.

"I read my Bible with the best of folks," went on the old lady, "but there's times for some things an' times for others, an' that Andrews woman is without the sense to know the one from the other. What was the motto she brought us yesterday, all in red and gold letters, and we with empty stomachs? 'Be filled with faith!'—Youth's Companion.

RETURN OF FEATHER BEDS.

The feather bed, after its banishment during about half a century, is being received back into favor in colder countries. Hygiene experts condemned it on account of its heating nature and the difficulty of thoroughly airing and purifying; nevertheless, it is actually being recommended during the winter for delicate, nervous, neurotic women, and particularly for elderly persons and those who are troubled with insomnia. — Medical Journal.

HER BALANCE OF TRADE.

"I suppose, dear," said Mrs. Greene to her husband, "if these saloon keepers raise prices on account of the increased liquor tax you men will get even by taking smaller drinks."

Mr. Greene looked at her suspiciously, but made no immediate reply.—Judge.